

SCOTCH SANDY'S

GARLAND

Beautified with some excellent

New Songs.

- I. A New Song, called Scotch Sandy.
- II. The Injured Fair.
- III. Mary of the Tyne.
- IV. General Wolfe to his Soldiers.



Licensed and entered according to order.



SCOTCH SANDY.



YOUNG Sandy, the Scot, was born in Fife,
And he loved to travel, as dear as his life,
Through many strange countries, strange places to see,
In courting the ladies of every degree,

Through Russia, and Prussia, through France and through
Spain,
Where he was received, with honour and fame,
By men of high station great honour he got,
Who gladly received young Sandy the Scot.

Sardinia, and Turkey, and high Germany.
From thence to the Indies, he crossed the sea,
Where Indians, and Tartars, Mulatoes and Blacks,
To our noble Scot Sandy they paid their respect.

Again to old Ireland he arrived at last,
Surveying the country from Cork to Belfast,
There's not a young lady in that country,
But they greatly rejoiced Scot's Sandy to see.

At last to London he instantly came,
In order to pass for a parliament-man,
They hiss'd him to scorn and call'd him a youth,
Which made him to stand, with hand hot on his mouth.

Some call'd him a paddy some call'd him a Scot,
Others ask'd him who for him did vote,
The mercer he call'd to bring him his robes,
That he might sit down with the rest of the lords.

Young Sandy he courteously then did reply,
The name of a Scot I'll never deny,
For I scorn the scoffs of a parcel of scribes,
Who gets all their living by taking of bribes

Then Sandy with courage, as I am told,
He instantly pull'd out a long purse of gold,

Saying here is the delicate votes still for me,
And they make me a freeman wherever I be.

For before my money on brib'ry I'll spend,
I'll treat a good fellow, a neighbour, or friend,
With his bonnet in hand, he made them a low bow,
And turn'd him about, and bid them adieu.

For in courting the ladies his time did employ,
For he was resolv'd their loves for to try;
The first that he courted, she gave him the bite,
And said that his blue bonnet was like a cow shite.

This caus'd young Sandy in a passion to swear,
Her insolent speeches this day for to hear,
He turn'd him round, said ye pock pudding slut,
I wear a blue bonnet, because I'm a Scot.

There's never a strumpet in England born
That shall huff young Sandy, nor keep him in scorn;
The dregs of all nations, I vow and protest,
There's scarce one in twenty among you are chaste,

There's your bullies and sharpers, who skulk up and down,
In search of their prey all over the town,
Inspired by the Devil, this curst thievish band,
The like was not known in no christian land.

Wilkes and Liberty, it is your whole cry,
Assaulting each stranger that e'er passes by,
You rise up in thousands, like hounds in a chase,
Prepared for a battle, there's no sign of peace.

You rebels of London, I speak to your shame,
In your late proceedings you're sadly to blame,
Such rogues in a halter deserves for to swing,
For to rise in rebellion against a good king.

Your Wilkes is a tool to this numerous mob,
In justice those villains should be sent abroad,
Or else sent to Tyburn their lives for to end,
As examples for others their lives for to mend.

Where was your Wilkes born, I long for to know,
The reason that he has disturbed us so?
He was stole out of Hell when the De'il was asleep,
And sent into London disturbance to keep.

Your Wilkes is your spokesman, his livery you wear,
For to shew the affection which to him you bear,
For he was elected a knight of the blue,
By the London mob, that devilish crew.

Says Sandy, no longer in London I'll stay,
But to my own Country I'll now take my way;
For my life in this country is not worth a groat;
And luck to you all, lays Sandy the Scot.



The INJURED FAIR.

COME lasses listen unto me,
In country town and city;
Let my downfal a caution be,

To blooming maids so bretty,
I am a poor unhappy girl,

Upon the town abplying,

Because I did believe false men,

Full of deceit and lying

So pray remember pretty maids,

How often we are warned;

For when men once do get their ends,

By them you will be scorned.

Such flatteries to me he us'd.

And presents I had many,

Altho, I'd twenty for to chuse,

I loved him best of any.

Blyth as the lark I was, till he

Ofevery joy bereft me;

But when he had his will of me,

He went his way and left me.

With Arms around me on his knee,

Like Judas he will kiss me;

And wished the happy day to see,

In marriage for to bless me.

But O alas! the treacherous Youth,

Most treacherous did seduce me,

And when I ask'd him for to wed,

He like a rogue refused me.

Then of his conquest he did boast

In man you know it's common,

And bragged to his companions all,

How he had deceived a woman,

Howe'er he has my ruin been,

And I'm undone for ever,

So how can man ever expect

Of Woman any favour.

But yet I will not curse the youth,

But this I wish in brief, fir,

That he may wed a drunken wife,

Then he'll have whore and thief fir.

Sufficient punishment, I vow,

For any man alive, fir,

For he that's ty'd to such a jilt,

I am sure he ne're can thrive, fir,

Now this is all the harm I wish.

What think you of my Prayer

A drunken wife to be his lot

Of every maid's betrayer:

A good wife is an ornament,
 And makes a husband prized,
 But may he get a drunken jilt,
 And see himself despised.

MARY OF THE TYNE.

WHAT pleasure oft 'tis to reveal,
 The pain or rapture which we feel,
 'Tis bliss while either we impart,
 Unto a sympathetic heart,
 Just like to that sweetheart of thine,
 My lovely Mary of the Tyne.

I lose when near thee all my care,
 When from thee I am all despair,
 My bosom heaves with anxious pain,
 Until I meet with thee again,
 What are these adverse pangs of mine,
 My lovely Mary of the Tyne?

Say is it from thy beauteous face,
 Or is it from thy nat'ral grace,
 Or is it thy angelic mind,
 Or is it ev'ry one combin'd,
 Making one sweet form divine,
 My lovely Mary of the Tyne?

Should it be love, thou'dst sure forgive?
 That is the food on which I live,
 But if thou should'st that bliss deny,
 Then must thy faithful lover die,
 Or linger out his life supine,
 For lovely Mary of the Tyne.



GENERAL WOLFE,

TO HIS

SOLDIERS.

HOW stands the glass around?

For shame, you take no care, my boys:

How stands the glass around?

Let mirth and wine abound,—

The trumpets sound, the colours they are flying,
 boys,

To fight, kill, or wound:

May we still be found

Content with our hard fate, my boys,
 On the cold ground,

Why, Soldiers, why,

Should we be melancholy, boys,

Why, Soldiers, why,

Whose business 'tis to die,

What! fighting, fie!

D—n fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!
 'Tis he, you, or I—
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry,—
 We're always bound to follow, boys,
 And scorn to fly!

'Tis but in vain,
 I mean not to upbraid ye, boys,
 'Tis but in vain,—
 For Soldiers to complain :
 Should next campaign
 Send us to him that made us, boys,
 We're free from pain!
 But if we remain,
 A bottle and good company,
 Cure all again.

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